MARVEL COMICS

PETER PARKER™

SPIDER-MAN®

MARVEL PG 44 142

JENKINS
RAMOS
FAUCHER

All men naturally hate each other.
-- Pascal: Pensées

BAKERY

KNOCK KNOCK

H-HELLO? IS THERE SOMEBODY THERE?

I'M NOT AFRAID, WHOEVER YOU ARE. I HAVE A LOADED SHOTGUN, AND I'VE ALREADY CALLED THE POLICE --

AUNT MAY...IT'S ME.

IT'S PETER.

OH, MY...

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY
PART ONE

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SIR?

MISTER OSBORN?

YOU'RE GOING TO GET *SOAKED* OUT HERE, SIR. YOU SURE I CAN'T BRING YOU AN UMBRELLA?

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, CHARLES.

I RATHER *LIKE* RAINSTORMS.

HELLO, SON.

HARRY OSBORN
BELOVED SON, FATHER AND HUSBAND

IT'S FUNNY... YOU'VE BEEN DEAD ALL THESE YEARS AND I STILL HAVEN'T WORKED OUT HOW TO TALK TO YOU. NEVER *DID*, I SUPPOSE.

MY FATHER ALWAYS USED TO SAY, *"A LITTLE DARKNESS NEVER HURT ANYBODY."* I THINK THAT WAS HIS WAY OF TELLING ME EVERYTHING WAS GOING TO BE OKAY, NO MATTER WHAT.

I ONLY EVER WANTED YOU TO *UNDERSTAND* THAT, HARRY -- I TRIED TO BE FAIR WITH YOU, EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE SO MUCH LIKE YOUR MOTHER IN SO MANY WAYS.

AND THEN, YOU WENT AND DIED OF A DRUG OVERDOSE, JUST TO SPITE ME.

YOU WERE ALWAYS A *DISAPPOINTMENT* TO US.

I CAN HEAR YOU NOW: LAUGHING AT ME FOR ALL YOU'RE WORTH. IMAGINE YOUR OLD DAD WITH ALL THE WORLD AND NO ONE TO GIVE IT TO.

I OFFERED IT TO PARKER, BUT HE REFUSED ME.

YOU KNOW I CAN'T LET IT STAND AT THAT, HARRY. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SLICE OUT THAT BIG ***HEART*** OF HIS AND FEED IT TO HIM PIECE BY PIECE.

YOUR WIFE IS DOING WELL. SHE SENDS HER REGARDS, AS EVER. LITTLE NORMIE'S GETTING BIG.

I WON'T BE COMING BACK TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

HARRY OSBORN

BELOVED SON, FATHER AND HUSBAND

NOT AFTER WHAT HAPPENS ***NEXT.***

I'LL GIVE YOU A PENNY FOR THEM.

HMM? WHAT --?

FOR YOUR *THOUGHTS*, DEAR: I'LL GIVE YOU A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS. LORD KNOWS YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU COULD USE THE MONEY.

BESIDES, IT'S GETTING LATE FOR AN OLD FOGEY LIKE ME TO BE AWAKE.

PETER...I KNOW YOU CAME OVER HERE FOR A *REASON* -- YOUR FATHER USED TO GET THAT SAME VACANT LOOK WHEN HE HAD SOMETHING HE WANTED TO GET OFF HIS CHEST.

DO YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHAT IT IS, OR ARE YOU JUST HERE FOR TEA AND SYMPATHY?

I KEEP HAVING THIS *DREAM*, AUNT MAY.

THE *SAME* ONE -- OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

WHAT *KIND* OF DREAM?

IT'S NOTHING... IT'S...

OH. GOD, AUNT MAY -- I CAME HERE WITH YOU...I PROMISE.

AND NOW I'M HERE, AND I REALIZE I *CAN'T.* I WOULDN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN.

EVERY NIGHT, I GO TO BED WONDERING WHETHER OR NOT I'M GOING TO DREAM. I FEEL LIKE IT'S TEARING ME *APART,* YOU KNOW? I MEAN, ONE MOMENT, LIFE'S A HONEYMOON --

-- AND THE NEXT, YOUR WIFE IS IN CALIFORNIA WITH THE STARS, AND YOU'RE SITTING AT HOME DARNING SOCKS? I KNOW THE *FEELING,* DEAR.

DON'T LET THESE WRINKLES FOOL YOU, PETER: EVERY LINE ON MY FACE IS A LESSON LEARNED, AND MOST OF THOSE LESSONS HAVE PROVEN TO BE THE SAME ONE.

IF THIS DREAM OF YOURS IS TROUBLING YOU, YOU NEED TO *TALK.* IF NOT TO ME, THEN PERHAPS ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS. MAYBE EVEN A PROFESSIONAL --

I-I CAN'T, AUNT MAY... I JUST *CAN'T.* THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO'D UNDERSTAND.

AND I CAN'T *REACH* HIM.

YOU *HEAR* ME, DON'T YOU, SPIDER-MAN?

STOP...

...STOP STARING AT ME...

KRA KOOOOM

MARTHA, I WANT YOU TO CANCEL MY APPOINTMENTS FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS.

MIC

SIR, YOU HAVE A MEETING WITH THE FINNEGAN RESEARCH GROUP AT TRICORP TOMORROW. SHALL I SAY WHY?

IT DOESN'T *MATTER,* DAMMIT, WOMAN! JUST MAKE UP WHATEVER EXCUSE COMES TO MIND.

TELL THEM I HAVE A PRIOR *ENGAGEMENT.* AH-HA, HEHH...

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

RRRINGG

OKAY... OKAY...KEEP YOUR UNDIES ON. I'M COMING!

HELLO, THIS IS MARY JANE WATSON.

HELLO?

LISTEN, BUSTER. I'M AN OLD HAND AT THIS GAME. YOU'RE JUST ONE IN A VERY LONG LINE OF AMATEUR PERVERTS, YOU HEAR ME?

CLIK

HELLO? HELLO --?

PETER...?

GOTTA GET UP INTO THE CITY...FEEL THE RAIN THROUGH MY SUIT.

GOTTA GET TO WHERE I CAN WASH THIS SADNESS OUT OF MY HEART BEFORE IT WASHES ME OUT OF MY OWN *SKIN.*

I'VE GOT TO KEEP TELLING MYSELF IT'S ONLY A *DREAM.*

IT'S ONLY A DREAM -- IT'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, RIGHT?

EXCEPT THAT I CAN'T EVEN TELL IT TO MY OWN WIFE, AND MY WIFE DOESN'T WANT TO BE MY *WIFE* ANYMORE.

MARY JANE *WATSON?* WHAT THE HELL WAS *THAT?*

NO...SHE DIDN'T MEAN IT -- SHE'S JUST TRYING TO WORK THINGS OUT, JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

BUT I KNOW IN MY HEART, I'VE *LOST* HER -- MAYBE NOT FOR GOOD, BUT DEFINITELY FOR NOW. MARY JANE SEEMS LIKE A WORLD AWAY.

AND I KEEP WONDERING, IS IT *ME?* AM *I* THE STRANGER IN THIS RELATIONSHIP?

THERE'S SOMETHING ***WRONG*** -- I CAN FEEL IT BUILDING IN THE RAINSTORM. THE CITY FEELS LIKE A PRESSURE COOKER, JUST WAITING TO SPRAY A LUMP OF HOT, NASTY FAT IN MY EYE.

YOU KNOW...I'VE HAD THIS ***SENSE*** OF THINGS LONG ENOUGH TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING AROUND ME. THIS ISN'T JUST AN ORDINARY EVENT.

THIS IS BIG. THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF SOMETHING.

OR THE ***END.***

IT'S PROBABLY JUST THE SOUND OF THE RAIN, BUT I FEEL LIKE I CAN HEAR SOMEONE ***LAUGHING*** AT ME. MAYBE I'M GOING NUTS, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE...

OH, ***NO.***

HELLO.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, OSBORN?

TO RENEW OUR ACQUAINTANCE, OF COURSE. YOU KNEW THIS DAY WAS COMING, SPIDER-MAN -- DON'T DENY IT.

YEAH, IT'S ON MY CALENDAR.

"JUNE 10TH -- PICK UP DOG FROM VET. KICK GREEN GOBLIN'S BUTT INTO NEXT WEEK."

HA HA! OH, THAT'S PRICELESS! YOU'RE STILL QUITE THE *CLOWN*, I SEE.

WE MAKE QUITE A *PAIR*, DON'T WE? YOU, THE SON WITHOUT A FATHER. ME, THE FATHER WITHOUT A SON.

WELL, DADDY HAS A *JOKE* FOR YOU; AFTER ALL THE YEARS WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER, THIS IS THE BEST ONE YET.

I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOUR FACE WHEN YOU HEAR THE PUNCHLINE.

I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME IN THERE, NORMAN. WE CAN'T KEEP GOING ON LIKE THIS -- IT HAS TO END *SOMETIME.*

QUITE.

UH-UH... NO WAY. I'M NOT DEALING WITH THE GOBLIN. I WANT TO TALK TO NORMAN OSBORN.

SEE? I'M NOT SPIDER-MAN. I'M PETER PARKER.

AND HOW *PERCEPTIVE* YOU'VE BECOME, IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING SO: QUITE THE AMATEUR PSYCHIATRIST.

BUT SADLY, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO RAIN ON YOUR LITTLE SELF-RIGHTEOUS PARADE. WE'RE SHACKLED BY A *CHAIN,* PARKER --

-- IT'S A CHAIN OF EVENTS FOR WHICH NEITHER ONE OF US HAS A HACKSAW.

AH HA... HEHH...

AAH!

BETTER, THEN, THAT WE EXPOSE THE WEAKEST *LINK!*

HE COMES IN LIKE A LIGHTNING BOLT FROM THE SKY. A FLASH OF GREEN...BEFORE I KNOW IT, HE'S *ON* ME.

AS USUAL, HIS TACTICS ARE AS UNPREDICTABLE AS ANY OF HIS PERSONALITIES. I'VE FACED HIM A THOUSAND TIMES, YET I'M STILL TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

I HAVE THIS SUDDEN WEIRD NOTION I'M TRAPPED IN SOME KIND OF DOPPLER EFFECT EXPERIMENT --

HH-UHH!

HRAHH!

WHY NOW, NORMAN? YOU EVEN KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT? =AH-HUHH=...

WHY ME, AND WHY *NOW*?

I'LL GO YOU ONE BETTER, SPIDER-FREAK: WHY *NOT*?

AA-UHH!

YOU'RE *SLIPPING*, PARKER -- YOU'RE GETTING FAT, AND YOU'RE GETTING *PREDICTABLE*.

IF ONLY YOUR SPINE WAS AS FLEXIBLE AS YOUR *CONVICTIONS*, EH? =HHH=

GHMF!

Y'KNOW, I WOULD'VE THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTING SERIOUSLY BORED OF COMING IN SECOND PLACE BY NOW, GOBLIN.

SECOND PLACE, FIRST LOSER...IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME --

NN-AHH!

THUD

LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT, YOU LUNATIC: I'M NOT PLAYING YOUR SAD LITTLE GAME. YOU'RE DELUDING YOURSELF IF YOU THINK OTHERWISE.

THE JOKE'S ON YOU. YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO WHAT I DON'T *CHOOSE* TO DO --

...HHH...ON THE CONTRARY, *YOU'RE* THE ONE DELUDING YOURSELF, PARKER. =AH-HEHH=...CAN'T *MAKE* YOU, EH?

HHH... WELL, HERE'S A *BET*, GOLDEN BOY:

FIVE BUCKS AND A PIZZA SAYS I *CAN!*

AAH!

I WOULDN'T TAKE THAT BET IF I WERE YOU, PARKER: YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE THE PAYOFF. YOU KNOW ME, AND YOU KNOW WHAT I'M *CAPABLE* OF.

YOU COULD END THIS ALL NOW IF YOU WEREN'T SUCH A STUBBORN LITTLE CRETIN --

...HHH...I CAN'T...THINK OF A SNAPPY COMEBACK FOR YOU, NORM...'CAUSE YOU'RE NOT *FUNNY*.

THIS WAS JUST A WARNING, SPIDER-MAN -- A SHOT ACROSS YOUR BOW. I'M USED TO GETTING WHAT I WANT.

I WANT YOUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION, AND I'M GOING TO *HAVE* IT.

I CALL THE SHOTS IN THIS RELATIONSHIP. I DECIDE. *ME!*

I SAY WHERE IT BEGINS AND ENDS, AND YOU'RE JUST ALONG FOR THE RIDE. DO YOU *UNDERSTAND* ME, BOY?

NNN...I'M NOT "*YOUR BOY.*" YOU HAD A SON, AND HE *DIED*, AND THAT'S THE ONLY CHANCE YOU GET --

WRONG, SPIDER-MAN. YOU'RE FAMILY, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT. AND IN THE GOOD OLD OSBORN TRADITION...

...I'M INVITING YOU TO A *REUNION*.

OH, YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO GET ALL OF US OSBORNS TOGETHER AT THE SAME TIME. BUT THERE'S ALWAYS ONE SUREFIRE WAY TO BRING THE RABBLE IN:

AHAHAHAHAHAHA

A FUNERAL!